

emptorily denied his having received any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman. In this dilemma the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine; he accordingly did so, and told him his story.—The minister sent for the banker, and asked him, if he had not received such a sum? The banker steadily denied. "Very well, (replied M. de Sartine,) then sit down and write a letter which I shall dictate to you, and you must continue in the room with me until the answer arrives."—Paper was brought, Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect:—"Dear wife, you must immediately send me the sum which Monf. — left in my hands, which was deposited originally in the iron chest, in the counting-house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or I shall be sent to the Bastille. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker stared—"Mon Dieu! (said he,) must I send this letter to my wife?"—"You must (says the minister); I dare say, that if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it, and she will obey your commands: if you are innocent, she cannot comprehend the order which you send, and will say so in her answer. We will make the experiment, and if you resist, you shall go immediately to the Bastille." The resolution was decisive. The letter was sent, and in less than an hour the money was brought in the bags in which it was originally sealed, and restored, to the original owner. M. de Sartine discharged the banker, telling him the matter should be kept a secret, provided he acted with more faith and honesty for the future.

REFLECTIONS.

*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.*

IT is not an unprofitable employment frequently to meditate on the transitory nature of our enjoyments, the uncertainty of their continuance, and the last solemn scene which closes the efforts and puts a period to the exertions of the greatest as well as the meanest of mankind.

The subject has a tendency to improve the heart and affections, to cure the disorders incident in a greater or less degree to every one from the influence of the passions, to impress the mind with a proper sense of the vanity of life, and lead to a cultivation of the moral virtues.

It is the duty of all men to act the parts allotted them in life with propriety, to discharge the obligations incumbent upon them in their several spheres with diligence and alacrity, to promote peace, harmony, and concord in society; to exercise benevolence, patience, meekness, gentleness and do acts of beneficence as opportunities offer and the circumstances of their fellow men require.

Whatever tends to meliorate the mind, induces to acts of kindness and generosity and to the practice of virtue, will readily be allowed to be worthy of attention as it must be succeeded by many advantageous consequences. No subject has a more happy effect to answer these purposes than the one under consideration.—When we reflect that notwithstanding the noise and parade we may make among our fellow creatures, though we may trace a long line of illustrious ancestors, be veiled with the greatest power which mortals can exercise, are possessed of a superabundance of wealth and have all the advantages which can arise from the good things of the world, yet that the time is fast approaching and cannot be far distant, when all these things shall avail us nothing, but we must be forever severed from their enjoyment and go "into that undiscovered country from whose bourn no

traveller returns," we cannot help concluding it to be of great importance to us to learn our duty, to practise it with attention, to cultivate the social affections, to amend our hearts, and in all respects so to conduct as that we may approve ourselves to our own minds, stand justified before our fellow men, and render ourselves acceptable in the sight of heaven.

AMELIA:

OR, THE SENTIMENTAL FAIR.

ALAS! said the lovely Amelia, throwing herself on a couch, after being fatigued at an assembly; alas! repeated the fair sentimentalist; is this what the generality of mankind call happiness? Mistaken mortals! Two years have I bowed before dissipation's shrine, and two years has not this foolish heart lain still. Peace, peace, thou throbbing, sighing heart! soon will I give thee ease; yes—to-morrow will I quit this noisy and tumultuous city, and bid adieu to frolic—a long adieu; in some lone vale, far from the haunts of gaiety, will I seek that content which has been a stranger to my bosom. Amelia arose with the lark, ordered her carriage—adieu, she cried, Newyork adieu!—Thou pantheon, no more will I trust myself within thy alluring doors—balls, concerts, and assemblies, I bid you all a last farewell. Thus saying, she stepped into her chariot, and drove to Elmira's, a female friend, who oft had solicited Amelia's company in her retreat. The meeting was tender; Elmira was happy, so was Amelia. In this sweet spot, which nature assailed by art, had combined to render another Eden, resided the amiable Henry—all the powers of elegant, of soft persuasion, were his; he saw Amelia—he loved her—but was withheld by bashful modesty, from telling her the tender tale. At length an opportunity offered; Henry was taking a pensive walk—not afar off, he beheld the mistress of his heart,

*In her hand, the lute of voice melodious,
Through the trees low murmuring wav'd;
And on her lips the graces dropp'd ambrosia.*

Her lute, her voice, turned his gentle soul to harmony; he approached her—Henry sighed; Amelia gave the mild response—ambrosial gales received the breath of love, and wafted it to congenial bosoms, from whence sighs escaped no more, except a sudden burst momentous of another's woe. Henry told her his artless story. She heard with blushing cheeks, and gave the lily hand—her heart he already had. He was ecstasy itself for the invaluable blessing; and after a short time received it again, with the sanctioned benedictions of the altar. Thrice happy!

*May Syrens never charm your hallow'd steps
From nature's open court to stray.*

Henry, with his Amelia, retired to a romantic part of the country, and not one sigh does the fair partner of domestic joy heave after the town and its dull pleasures. She prelibates the bliss of paradise; this, this is heaven begun on earth.

Perhaps the following elegant lines may convey some idea of their happiness, and the raptures of connubial felicity:

Around the smiling swain, are ranged a happy family; his wife, fair as the rose, when first the blushing spring sprinkles the balmy leaf with moistening dew, sat near him, decked in the rural robe of native elegance; she scorned the wanton dress of luxury high pampered; her simple garb improved what modest nature lent, and heightened graceful charms; smiling on her knee, an infant played, and laughed at the gay warblers singing on aerial boughs; pleased, he joins the strain responsive, and in his little notes salutes the feathered strangers; both parents clasp the prattler to their breast by turns, they melt away in raptures of supernal bliss, and elder branches of the tree parental, sport around their fire, or quaff maternal smiles. Z.

Original Communication.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

FAR from supposing myself capable of affording any thing which shall obtain a very attentive perusal from your readers of either sex, yet, having lately been attacked with the malady now prevalent, termed 'Cacoethes Scribendi,' should this find a corner in your useful Magazine, I shall deem it a favour, and probably at a future not distant period make another attempt at something for insertion.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion, is most certainly a pleasing and delightful employment; and, to every person of leisure and ability, it must afford peculiar gratification to employ these for that purpose, when so favorable an opportunity presents through the medium of your very valuable Magazine.—Having been a constant reader myself, I have noticed the efforts of the few who have contributed to the usefulness of its columns, for the improvement and amusement of its various readers, and have frequently been filled with surprise and regret that, in a town of such respectability as this, containing such a number of literary characters, lawyers, ministers, schoolmasters, and others—I repeat, I have been filled with regret and surprise, that so little aid has been afforded by these characters.

To attempt a delineation of the various advantages resulting to society from a work like the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet, would be vain; yet I do not hesitate to say they are many and great.—From its periodical appearance, it will be read with much pleasing satisfaction, the quantum it comprises being so small, that there is little danger of the reader's being tired, provided the subjects it continues to embrace are of the pleasing kind of which it has afforded specimens—nor will the mind be so confused by the multiplicity as to leave no trace of what has been read; but many of the sentiments will afford subjects of pleasurable reflection.

I have told you that I have been a constant reader of your Magazine, you are not to infer from this, however, that I am a subscriber—possessing in common with many others a parsimonious disposition in pecuniary affairs, I have regularly borrowed its numbers of my intimate acquaintance Miss Sally Syntax,—and this hasty effusion, like the miser's blessing, costs not a farthing or it would not have been bestowed.

KETURAH ANTIPEDANT.

* * Miss KETURAH ANTIPEDANT, is informed that we shall be happy in acknowledging her favors, should she continue them.—Her present communication is quite flattering on our part.—It by "the malady now prevalent," she refers to the late pamphleteering, as we know not what else it can be, we would say—be cautious.

Poetry.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

LONG since has Spring, disrob'd of all its bloom,
 Resign'd its reign to Summer's fervent power;
 And Autumn too, for Winter's fullen gloom,
 Exchang'd the treasures of his golden store.
 The spreading boughs, that oft in seeming pride
 O'ercharg'd with fruits, in yellow lustre glow;
 Those branches Autumn bountiful supply'd,
 Now droop beneath th' incumbent weight of snow.
 An awful silence reigns through ev'ry grove,
 Flown are the little tenants of the shade,
 In milder climes to carol notes of love,
 Where Winter's horrors never can pervade.
 But the same power that urg'd their timely flight,
 Shall soon recall them to their wonted sprays,
 When vernal suns diffuse propitious light,
 Restoring beauty by their genial rays.
 The lofty hills with towering forests crown'd,
 Shall wave their leafy banners o'er the vales,
 And cast a grateful shade on all around,
 Inhaling fragrance from the western gales.
 On the wide plains, in richest verdure gay,
 See the proud herds in various courtes bound;
 The lowing herds in awkward gambols play,
 And lambskins sport their snowy dams around.
 Re-animated ocean, earth and air,
 Shall feel the life invigorating hand;
 All nature smile—"but ah! these strains forbear;
 Here fix thy theme, here take th' important stand."
 Wisdom exclaims—"from this exalted view,
 Survey the boundless field of human life,
 Thence learn the bad to shun, the good pursue,
 Embrace sweet peace and banish mortal strife."
 Whence, but from wild ambition's giddy aim,
 Springs the dire source of more than half our woes?
 We mount enraptur'd on the wings of fame,
 Rife our true joys, and never find repose.
 How vain, O! man, thy uncontrol'd desire,
 To deck frail dust, in pride's profuse array;
 Few moments pass ere thou thyself expire,
 And leave this lifeless gaudy lump of clay.
 The leafy forest, and the verdant plain,
 Though Winter's ravage prostrate all their bloom;
 When Spring returns, will ev'ry charm regain,
 And rise more lovely from the vanquish'd tomb.
 Not so, O! man, thy irresistible fate!
 When the rude storms of hoary age assail
 Thy tottering frame, no Spring in youth elate,
 Shall e'er recall thee from Death's silent vale.
 Then what is life? what its important end?
 But the probation of the human heart;
 Rife child of dust, to wisdom's call attend,
 Watch all her ways, who plain, devoid of art:
 Consult right reason, to direct thy course;
 Weigh all her counsels with a due regard,
 Give this known truth its energetic force,
 That virtue always has a sure reward.
 Thus, as time wafts us in his swift career,
 Still verging nearer life's remotest goal,
 Unspotted innocence shall guard the rear,
 And future happiness exalt the soul.
 Revise, resolve, embrace the present means,
 While heaven indulgent lengthens out the day,
 To insure admission to those glorious scenes,
 Where bliss unbounded reigns without alloy.
 Is there no spotless pleasure here below?
 No blameless joy, unfulfill'd with a stain?
 To banish care, to soothe the pangs of woe,
 And grant a respite from the galling chain.
 Yes—sacred friendship! thine's the gracious power,
 (Thou fair descendant of the radiant skies);
 To shed those bounties in a genial shower,
 Bid social bliss and confidence arise.
 Early experienc'd and supremely blest'd,
 In the rich treasures of thy ample store,
 Led by thy genius, by thyself carest'd,
 I more admir'd thee, as I knew thee more.
 Not unmolested is thy glorious reign,
 Numerous and powerful foes assail thee round;
 Flattery and falsehood, with their servile train,
 And sordid interest, oft inflict a wound.
 A constant vot'ry, with a heart sincere,
 I'll still adore thee, and resound thy praise;
 Invoke thy presence and thy name revere;
 Till life's last sun descend and terminate my days.

TRANSLATION OF THE
FIFTEENTH ODE OF HORACE—BOOK V.

By Francis.

TO NEXERA.

CLEAR was the night, the face of heaven serene,
 Bright shone the moon amidst her starry train,
 When round my neck as curls the tendril vine—
 (Loose are its curlings if compar'd to thine);
 'Twas then, insulting every heavenly power,
 That, as I dictated, you boldly swore;
 While the gaunt wolf pursues the trembling sheep;
 While fierce Orion harrows up the deep;
 While Phœbus' locks float wanton in the wind,
 Thus shall Nexera prove, thus ever kind.

But, if with aught of man was Horace born,
 Severely shalt thou feel his honest scorn,
 Nor will he tamely bear the bold delight,
 With which his rival riots out the night,
 But in his anger seek some kinder dame,
 Warm with the raptures of a mutual flame,
 Nor shall thy rage, thy grief, or angry charms,
 Recall the lover to thy faithless arms.
 And thou, whoe'er thou art, who joy to shine,
 Proud as thou art, in spoils which once were mine,
 Though wide thy land extends and large thy fold,
 Though rivers roll for thee their purest gold,
 Though nature's wisdom in her works were thine,
 And beauties of the human face divine,
 Yet soon thy pride her wand'ring love shall mourn,
 While I shall laugh, exulting in my turn.

EPIGRAM.

ONE day, when in preaching, a text spinning spark,
 The whole length of his body reach'd over the Clerk,
 And, stretching his neck, like a game cock in fighting,
 Inveigh'd against chousing, and cheating and biting—
 Moses turn'd up his head, and said, "fir, while you're preaching,
 Among all other crimes you forget over-reaching."

Scraps of Humour.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

WHEN Constantia Philips was in a state of distress, she took a small shop in Westminster Hall, and sold books,—some of them of her own writing. During this time, an apothecary who had attended her at a time she was ill, came to her and requested payment of his bill. She urged inability,—but he still continued to press her, and gave as a reason, that he had saved her life. "You have so," said Constantia, "You have so; I acknowledge it, and in return, here is my Life,"—when going to the book-case and reaching the two volumes, she begged he would TAKE HER LIFE, as the discharge of his demand.

ODD APPLICATION OF NAMES.

THE following humorous instance of the capricious application of names, occurred in one of the South Carolina Gazettes:—"Ran away from Ephraim Mercy, two negro men, namely, Alexander and Plato, both branded on the right thigh with the letter R. There is great reason to believe they were enticed away, as Alexander is remarkably timorous, and Plato very dull and stupid; so that any person who may harbour or employ them will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor by Ephraim Mercy."

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

A DOCTOR in the west of England, who keeps an Asylum for Lunatics, in an advertisement, thus expressed his obligations to his quondam patients:—"I return my most grateful thanks to all persons who have been out of their minds, and shall be happy in their future favors!"

Proposed Improvement.

Several small selected communications omitted for want of room, shall be attended to. It is contemplated soon to issue the Magazine on 8 pages of the present size, weekly, at the present price—one page to be devoted to advertisements, which will be conspicuously inserted at a moderate price.—This alteration will depend on the increase of patrons and the encouragement given by advertising friends.

Married,

In Boxford, Mr. ISAIAH BRADLEY, of Haverhill, to Miss HULDAH PERLEY.

In Haverhill, Mr. LEVI HURD, of Newport, N.H. to Miss ANNA BRADLEY, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Bradley.

In Hopkinton, N.H. Mr. SOLOMON FISK, to Miss HANNAH GOULD.

Died,

In this town, on Sunday last, Mrs. MARY STANWOOD, æt. 38, wife of Capt. Abel S.

In Marblehead, Mrs. MARY WHITE, æt. 31, wife of Dr. Josiah H. White.

In Greenland, very suddenly, Lieut. DAVID SIMPSON, æt. 78.

In Portsmouth, Col. ELIPHALET LADD, æt. 62.—Mrs. ANN ABBOT, æt. 56.

At Fort Constitution, N.H. Serg. JOHN GLYNN, æt. 31, of the U. S. Army.

In Ipswich, Rev. LEVI FRISBIE.

Life of Washington—Vol. IV.

Just received,
 and now ready for delivery to Subscribers,
 at the Book-Store and Lottery-Office of THOMAS & WHIPPLE,
 Market-Square,

The Fourth Volume of the Life of
General Washington.

On receipt of this volume the subscribers are to pay three dollars, which is the last instalment of their respective subscriptions.—The fifth volume and Atlas will be furnished, free of further expense, when completed. Feb. 22, 1806.

EBENEZER STEDMAN,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has REMOVED his BOOK-STOKE, from No. 6, State-street, to the Shop immediately opposite, formerly occupied by Jonathan Marsh, Esq. corner of Middle-street—

WHERE HE HAS FOR SALE,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Books, Charts, Stationary,

and other articles,

which will be sold on the most reasonable terms
 wholesale and retail.

Newburyport, Feb. 8, 1806.

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AND

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